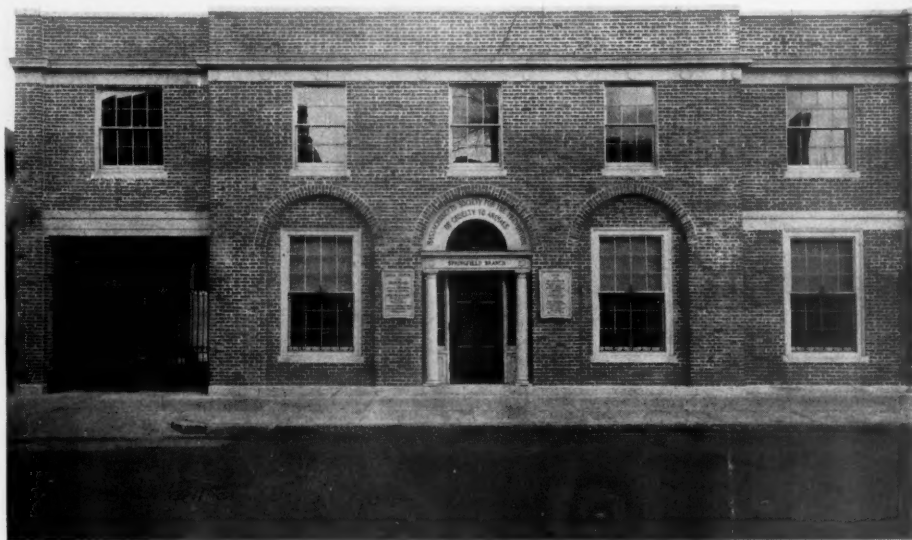


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Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts
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Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 65

January, 1932

No. 1

Write to us for a disarmament petition and get your friends and neighbors to sign it.

We shall continue to ask each of our readers until next February, "Have you signed a disarmament petition?"

Don't fail to read elsewhere in this issue the decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upon the constitutionality of our Anti-Steel Trap Law.

The Fondouk at Fez must soon be enlarged. It seems a violation of all humane principles to turn suffering animals away for lack of room to care for them. Three or four hundred dollars have been pledged for this purpose. We need \$1,500 more.

The annual slaughter of deer in Massachusetts is in progress while these words are being written. The only consolation is that out of the more than 3,000,000 people in the state only a few would rather kill a deer and eat it than see it and rejoice in its freedom.

Discovery that native bird feathers for hats were on sale in a neighboring state, a detective visited the Boston stores but found only such feathers as were legal, that is, ostrich feathers and those of certain domestic fowl. So much to the credit of Boston stores.

In reply to a letter from us to the President of the Cuban Republic we received the following, which will be gratifying to all who read it:

"By order of the secretary, I have the honor of replying to your letter addressed to the Honorable President of the Republic regarding bull-fights in our Republic.

"I am pleased to say that up to the present, and continuing indefinitely, bull-fights have been prohibited in our national territory, no license having been granted up to date authorizing such a spectacle."

Dedication of the Springfield Branch

of the

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

of the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

If only all our readers could have been present the afternoon of Thursday, December 3, and gone through the various rooms and wards of the new building dedicated that day, seen how perfectly equipped it was for the purpose it has been designed to serve, we are confident they would have said with those who were there that it was far beyond the expectation of what they had even hoped it might be.

The building itself, at 53-57 Bliss Street, is only a block and a half from the City Hall in the business section of the city, and contains accommodations for 100 animals. There are an operating room, pharmacy, specially-constructed bathrooms, four wards equipped with the best steel cages, a kitchen equipped with ranges, electric refrigeration and other facilities for cooking meals for animal patients, two large exercise rooms, a lethal chamber for humanely disposing of animals, two large outdoor exercise runs, a cremator, an X-ray room and a large garage.

If, also, our readers could have listened, particularly to those not officially connected with the Society, who most graciously gave their presence and spoke on its behalf, it would not be necessary to present here even in abbreviated form the reports of the addresses made.

In a large room on the second floor, reserved for future use as necessity might demand, was gathered an audience of some 200 people representative of Springfield's best citizens.

Theodore W. Pearson, during recent years the Society's representative in that city, opened the exercises, saying in part:

Mr. Pearson's Remarks

Coming to Springfield some years ago to become the resident representative of this Society for Western Massachusetts, I could visualize the benefits to be derived from an establishment such as this. Today my dream is realized. We have here a development which should function not only as a nucleus for the various activities relating to humane work, but as a shelter for stray, sick, and injured animals.

In addition, we shall operate a modern dispensary, which will be at the disposal of all those interested in animal welfare, and to be directed by a thoroughly competent veterinarian.

Whatever I have accomplished in the past in the prevention and relief of suffering animals, has been through the fine co-operation of the people, the press, the police, and our courts; and with this same co-operation and support, I am confident that we will go on to render even greater service.

In conclusion, I want to thank those people who have made this building possible, the living as well as those who have passed on. I take this opportunity also to express my appreciation to our President and his Board of Directors in authorizing the construction of this shelter (realizing only too well how it has strained the purse strings of our treasury); and to Mrs.

849362

Ellis and her committee, to whose kindly assistance and to whose presence here today we owe so much.

The following dedicatory prayer was then offered by the Reverend George W. Ferguson:

O Almighty and everlasting God, who through the teachings and example of Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, didst manifest Thyself chiefly in works of love and mercy, graciously grant unto all Thy children the spirit of kindness and gentleness unto the entrusted creatures of Thy creation.

May Thy heavenly benedictions so rest upon this building and institution of mercy and comfort, that through these ministrations many souls may be led to a clearer vision of Thy love for all the members of Thy creation, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

President Rowley's Address

Mr. Pearson then introduced Dr. Rowley, the President of the Society. He spoke briefly, answering as follows the question so often asked, "Since the number of horses is so much less than formerly, what is left for your Society to do?"

For the first eleven months of the year, ending November 31, our officers investigated 7,478 complaints received either by letter, telephone or personal calls; these complaints involved 58,135 animals, including 1,493 horses; inspected at stock-yards and abattoirs 459,005 cattle, sheep and swine; they put humanely to sleep 6,571 injured, old and unwanted animals; prosecuted for wanton violation of law, 177 persons, of these 103 prosecutions were for cruelty to horses; our agents covering the state traveled 159,723 miles. Our officers are also at all the leading horse auction

stables in the state. And yet it is often asked, "What is left for your Society to do since so many of our horses are gone?"

Some 40,000 copies of the magazine *Our Dumb Animals* are published every month and go around the world, and in connection with our American Humane Education Society nearly five million children have been organized into small humane groups known as Bands of Mercy.

Why have we built this building in Springfield? Because we believed it was needed for the welfare of the often unfortunate, injured, sick and suffering animals of this section of the Commonwealth, and because Theodore W. Pearson, our representative here, has, by his tireless and devoted service, won for our organization a place in the minds of the citizens of this rare city that we believe will mean for it their confidence and encouragement.

Our facilities here for operation and treatment will be at the disposal of any accredited veterinarian in this vicinity at simply the cost to us. Its crematory will meet the needs of any who would like by this method to care for what is left to them after their faithful small animal friends have died.

In conclusion he said: To the interest, the good will and the support of the people of this beautiful city of Springfield we commend, I am almost tempted to say, commit, this new venture, dedicated today to the welfare of the suffering animals who in the future will share in its ministry of mercy. It stands here among other noble charities in this city as a witness to that divineness impulse of the human heart—the response to the cry of need, even though that cry come from the least of life's children.

Dr. Rowley then introduced the Honor-

able Dwight R. Winter, mayor of Springfield, who in a few words expressed his high regard for the work of the Society and Mr. Pearson, its representative in Springfield, and commended it to the confidence and support of the city, and especially of all those interested in the beneficent work for which it stood.

We wish it were possible for us to reproduce in full each of the other addresses. It is only the limitation of our space that compels us, greatly to our regret, to give here but the excerpts from them.

President Woolley Voices Appreciation

Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, said:

An invitation is seldom accepted with such alacrity, I am sure, as that shown by your speaker. To have an opportunity to congratulate you on the dedication of this building; to express appreciation of all that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is accomplishing; and to bear witness to my affection for these friends in fur and feathers, is a three-fold opportunity impossible to resist.

It is good for us to be here, good to stop and recognize our indebtedness to this Society. Mr. Edward Whiting was not exaggerating when he said that Massachusetts is a sweeter place in which to live, by virtue of this organization.

In speaking of this indebtedness, I should like to call attention to the fact that an organization is not a piece of self-running mechanism. Behind it, if it succeeds, is the human factor, the men and the women who are giving of themselves to realize that success. In this organization, this service represents self-abnegation to a peculiar degree, courage both physical and moral, for not always does the public realize the claim of the dumb animal to sympathy and relief. I am glad for the opportunity to express my personal appreciation of the officials of the Society, whom I know, their prompt, kindly and efficient response to an appeal for help.

In the few minutes that are mine, I should like to take as my text, our *indebtedness* to these little friends of ours. If they could speak, they would be the first to express their gratitude for this gift, a short-sighted remark, some of you are thinking, even as I make it. Is there any "thanks" more genuine than the expression in the eyes of a "dumb" animal? But after all, the indebtedness is chiefly on the other side. Can we really repay them for what they give, and give so joyously? I wonder! Friendliness, patience, loyalty, ready forgiveness, life-long devotion, love, would that we might more often learn from them and put into practice in our own living, those high qualities that we so take for granted in these "dumb friends of humanity."

I should like to close as I began, with appreciation, appreciation of our human friends who have made possible this "symbol and expression of the spirit of kindness;" the friends who are giving their time and thought and strength to this work; but above all to our friends in fur and feathers, to whose service it is dedicated.

Following Miss Woolley, Mr. Frederick J. Hillman, executive vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, spoke, taking the

(Continued on page 8)



SPEAKERS AND GUESTS AT DEDICATION CEREMONIES

Front row: Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis, President Mary E. Woolley, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

Back row: President Francis H. Rowley, Albert A. Pollard, Theodore W. Pearson, Rev. George Ferguson, Mayor Dwight Winter, Thornton Burgess, Maj. Frederick J. Hillman, Rev. Valentine Alison.

Prayer for a New New-Year

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

So many, many times

*A buoyant young New Year
Has come while Christmas chimes
Still vibrate, sweet and clear,
Within the hearts that shall not cease
To hail with joy the Prince of Peace!*

Oh, may this New Year's morn

*Bring in a time so bright
That potent love, reborn,
Strong with resistless might,
Shall labor till the heart shall sing
In even the humblest living thing—*

*Each helpless creature, placed**Beneath our human power!**Oh, Prince of Peace, make haste*

*To bring the wondrous hour
When greed-blurred sight shall be made
clear!*

Then shall it be a NEW New-Year!

The Strange Dog

It is undoubtedly good advice to the majority of people not to attempt familiarity with a strange dog. Sometimes, however, it becomes necessary when being met by one who may think you are invading his master's home or interfering with his property. In *The Chicago Tribune* of last month Richard Joos, who evidently knows dogs, says upon this subject, among other things: Do not display fear in approaching a strange dog. He will quickly detect this and immediately consider you as inferior to him and take advantage of this situation. Never approach a dog with anything in your hand, avoiding the suspicion that you are going to harm him, or that your object in approaching him is anything but a desire to make his acquaintance and to win his friendship.

The dog is a keen observer. He has a faculty of knowing the meaning of every movement and expression, and he is quick to grasp the motive of the approach. The dog may fool you, but you rarely can fool the dog, so don't try it.

In approaching a strange dog, first of all speak to him in a firm, natural voice, not harshly nor too softly, but in the same tone you would speak to one of your friends. Tone of voice means much to a dog. By it he judges the degree of friendship you have for him. As you would say, "Hello, Bill," to your friend, say "Hello, Duke," or whatever his name is, to the dog.

The next thing to do is to hold out your hand, open hand, palm up, and let him smell it.

A well-known authority on dogs says, "The dog's slogan is, 'By their scents ye shall know them'."

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Enemies of My Garden

WALTER A. DYER

A WILD FLOWER, however beautiful, becomes a weed, as I understand the definition, when it springs up where it is not wanted. And a creature of the animal kingdom, however interesting, becomes vermin when it destroys something that we humans happen to want for ourselves. Is that it? I wonder.



I have a friend, a college professor, who is fond of animals, especially dogs. A fine collie is to him one of God's crowning

achievements. Yet he keeps a gun loaded and handy for squirrels, which he says get into his house and destroy things. No doubt he is justified, and I have never attempted to argue the question with him, but it leaves me puzzled. For what is the difference, essentially, between trapping a rat and shooting a squirrel?

I do not know the answer. I only know that it is my own instinct to spare all creatures whenever possible, and I have more than once suffered losses rather than take steps to destroy life that I have no power to recreate. Sentimentality? If you will.

These losses have occurred chiefly in my garden, which serves as a powerful attraction to certain creatures. One can scarcely blame them, since it furnishes so many things that they desire and need. I have sometimes thought that it must seem to them that some kindly higher being had planted the garden especially for their benefit, so perfectly does it fulfill their wants. And the higher being, possessing a certain amount of imagination, hesitates to disillusion them.

By no stretch of reasoning can some of these creatures be considered as enemies of the garden or the gardener. The toad, for example, is a tried, trusted, and un-

failing friend. He digs his way out of the ground in early spring and never ceases his beneficent operations till the frosts of autumn render them no longer profitable. The number of destructive flies and bugs that he consumes during the season must be enough to lay waste an acre of garden. The same, I think, is true of the harmless snakes that make their sinuous, silent way into the garden from the berry patch. Though one member of my family has never learned to enjoy their presence, we never kill them. Even the skunks, whose methods of defense sometimes create unpleasantness, particularly when there is an active dog at home, and who are often condemned because they bore holes in



A YOUNG RABBIT CONSUMED THE LETTUCE AND OTHER SEEDLINGS

smooth lawns, are unquestionable friends of the garden which they visit in search of cutworms and grubs.

(A thoroughly logical person, of course, might raise the question as to the attitude of the bugs and grubs toward these hungry intruders. Perhaps they, too, should be granted an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That is another of the unanswerable puzzles.)

The mole also eats cutworms and grubs, and may be considered in part a friend of the garden, but it appears to be the consensus of opinion that he does more harm than good. Not only do moles make mounds and ridges in the lawn, but I have known them to uproot several feet of young peas, and one year I think they ate my tulip bulbs, unless the chipmunks did it. The authorities, therefore, have classed the moles as vermin and a solicitous and paternal Government furnishes free advice as to methods of trapping and poisoning them. Personally, I have never taken this advice. I have never knowingly killed a mole, and I haven't starved to death yet.

The wise but clumsy woodchuck is often a pest, and what he can do to a row of young cabbages or cauliflowers in a single



THE LONE BUCK

night is just too bad. Usually my dog keeps him at a respectful distance, but one year a 'chuck had the effrontery to construct a doorway to his underground dwelling among the roots of a pear tree right next to the garden. I was told how to destroy him. Instead I placed a piece of chicken wire over the hole and weighted it down with stones. I am happy to say that he became discouraged and transferred his operations to some more congenial place.

One spring a young cottontail rabbit took up his residence under one of my out-buildings, where he had easy access to the cold-frame and consumed all of the lettuce and most of the other seedlings. He was a cunning fellow and avoided my dog with consummate cleverness. We replanted the cold-frame and kept it covered, and after a time Brer Rabbit disappeared.

On rare occasions deer have come into the garden and have feasted on late sweet corn and other comestibles. One year they took a heavy toll, coming at earliest dawn while the dog was having his beauty sleep in the woodshed. I think that was the most disheartening blow of all, but it is ancient history now and my record is still clear as is my conscience. I have never shot a deer.

Neighbors' cows and pigs have proved far more destructive in our garden than any of the wild creatures, but that is another story. The authorities apparently do not class them as vermin.

The squirrels—gray squirrels one year and red ones the next—harvest all of our hickory nuts, and the robins leave us but a few quarts of our sweet cherries, but I love them still. After all, it is a matter of comparative values—a robin's song against a few cherries and a rabbit's bright eyes against a lettuce head or two. One can, in time, develop a philosophy that will support these losses with equanimity.

To my way of thinking the balance of the argument is all on the side of the animals and birds. I have a quaint notion that it is more wicked to destroy life and beauty than food. I can plant another row of corn or lettuce, next year if not this, but I cannot bring back the warm life to the velvet body of a little blind mole. Nor could I ever, I think, erase from my memory the look in the liquid eyes of a deer I had slain.

The world is savage and uncivilized still, on the whole, and the cards appear to be stacked against the animals as they are stacked against peace. Enemies of the garden, like possible enemies of the nation, present puzzling questions that cannot be solved arbitrarily, but it seems to me that the Christian, when in doubt, will cast his vote always for kindness and mercy and peace.

Humane Trap Contest

The attention of trappers and inventors is called to the fifth annual contest for the production of humane traps, sponsored by the American Humane Association, 80 Howard St., Albany, N. Y. Prizes aggregating \$500 will be given for traps of three different types or classes, viz: Traps for taking animals alive and unhurt; leg-gripping traps, holding without injury, and traps of the killing type. It is the purpose of this contest to obtain traps that will take animals without cruelty. Specifications and conditions governing the contest are furnished by the Association.

The Turkey Buzzard a Master of the Flying Art

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

ON my first trip to Florida, I rose one morning early just as the sunbeams came skipping across the ocean. I walked to the sea-wall beyond the street, and then I turned my eyes inland. The hotel where I was stopping and the other buildings standing in line with it, were holding many large dark-colored birds, all sitting in perfect alignment on the roofs. I thought these birds were of the same species that I had been accustomed to seeing in my native state, Tennessee, but where I was brought up, it was not a good and wholesome advertisement to have a buzzard sitting near the house. So, I approached the hotel porter rather diplomatically when I inquired the name of the large birds that were sitting on the roof of his hotel.

"Boss, dem iz tukkey buzzards, en dey haz cum out to git de early mornin' sun!" he declared, displaying his marble teeth in their dark setting. A week's stay at that hotel brought me in closer communion with turkey buzzards than I had ever dreamed I would ever be. Because a great many fish were left by persons who caught them for sport, the turkey buzzards were encouraged to sit around near the shore and wait for their opportunity to feast on fish.

Whenever I hear of a bill being introduced in any state legislature placing a bounty on the head of every dead turkey buzzard, simply because he has the reputation of carrying disease germs among live stock, I think of man's carelessness, if not laziness, when it comes to properly burying the carcasses of farm animals. Surely the buzzard should be protected by law rather than exterminated by it.

Sometimes in examining Boy Scouts for merit badges when the list of birds of prey is handed me, I find the turkey buzzard is included. While this bird has been accused of putting the finishing touch to a sickly or wounded animal, he is not a bird of prey, but is distinctly a scavenger bird who attends to the carcass of an animal after some other agency or disease has taken its life.

One of the most thrilling spectacles is the graceful flight of a buzzard, without the beating of his wings, for sometimes he thus proceeds with progress against a current of air. When man is able to approach this bird's skill in traveling through the air, the art of aviation will not be far from perfection.

The buzzard's habit of sailing high accounts for the rapidity of their congregation, for this bird has a keen eyesight as well as a good sense of smell. Flying high, he is able to detect the behavior of his brothers and then he immediately sets out to learn the facts in the case!

One of the most unusual observances I have made is that of witnessing a fight between a turkey buzzard and a veteran rooster at feeding time. The long wings of the buzzard when set in motion in a fight staged on the level ground, made him appear awkward; yet this master of the airy deep was quite plucky and he put up a good fight with a fowl whose physical frame well fitted him for a terrestrial battle!

The turkey buzzard of the South is frequently seen in other parts of the United States. He is noted for his great endurance in the air.

The Cardinal

MARY J. HARRAR

*A flash of bright scarlet
Across the deep blue
Of the sky;
A stir in the green leaves
Above, as I lie
'Neath the tree;
The sun adds a splendor
Of flame to the wings
Of the bird;
A burst of pure rapture
Thrills forth through the air
In a song
Of sweetness o'erflowing with love
For this life
And its joys.*



THE TURKEY BUZZARD IS DISTINCTLY A SCAVENGER

Conservation of Bird Life

JOHN B. MAY

Director of Ornithology, Massachusetts

THE United States has for many years enjoyed the results of wise laws prohibiting the use of plumage of song birds as millinery, but in many foreign countries this is still permitted, and wholesale dealers have great stocks of plumage which they are anxious to dispose of whenever the vigilance of our wardens and enforcement officers may relax. The present style of women's hats must be watched carefully. I have recently received from the very active Audubon Society of Rhode Island samples of millinery purchased in Providence, which included heads of skylarks, dusky thrushes and pipits, a wing of a crested lark and wings of other passerine birds. A hat purchased in Boston bore a pair of wings of the European goldfinch, but an agent of the Massachusetts Audubon Society found no illegal material during a visit to leading stores here. Any of my readers who learn of dealers offering illegal millinery will confer a favor to all bird-lovers by reporting the details promptly to the secretary of their State Audubon Society, or to their local enforcement officers.

Inspired publicity, under the headline of Hollywood, Oct. 26, describes the costume of one of our much advertised stars in a forthcoming movie feature. The writer, one Florabel Muir, states that "the feature of the costume that hits the onlooker right between the optics is an enormous hat with three full-sized birds of paradise on it." Will anyone protest?

Green Sheep

YOU would be surprised if you saw a flock of bright green sheep in a field, yet last autumn, folks traveling along a road in Cumberland were astonished by such a sight. Quite a number of the sheep in a big flock, instead of being the usual cream color, were just as green as grass in the spring.

The explanation of this curious state of affairs was on the following lines. The sheep had been browsing over some rough country, where enormous numbers of grass plants were producing their seeds. In making their way through the vegetation, and also when they came to lie down, the sheep picked up the grass seed in their wool. Damp weather followed, and, in a few days' time, the grass seeds began to germinate. Then the grass started to grow, and so the sheep appeared to be green.

In America a similar state of affairs was noticed a few years ago. Attached to a farm near Sedalia, Ohio, it was possible to see a flock of green sheep grazing in the pasture. This unusual sight was explained by the fact that excessive rains had kept the wool of the sheep wet; then, when the animals rubbed against a stack of hay, much of the seed fell into the wool and lodged there. The moisture and bodily heat of the animals caused the grass to grow, and some of the sheep were walking about with green blades several inches in length.

—Band of Mercy

"Blessed are the merciful."

The Intelligentsia of the Lesser Folk

LOUISE H. GUYOL

PERHAPS not in a beauty contest, certainly not for their winning ways, are rats superior to many another animal. But among the intelligentsia they have few peers. And among *gourmets* they stand high.

I speak from my own experience, of personal rats, and rats known by friends and relations.

The first lived in New York City, both rat and relation.

She, the relation, was just out of college, living on the income that such education commands. But she had a pretty taste in food and an unerring instinct for where the push-carts vended what was best. So, she managed fairly well despite her educational disadvantages.

One day she took home a square little basket of Brussels sprouts, but as it was too late to prepare them for that meal she put them safely in whatever is the safe place that a person puts sprouts, or other green vegetables, when living in the kind of an apartment that an editorial assistant can afford.

Hurrying home next day, with visions of sprouts, steaming—or whatever sprouts do—on the stove, she found the basket where she had left it, its contents gone. No footprints on floor, no finger prints on basket—just emptiness.

Perhaps, her thoughts were busy, someone *had* come up the fire-escape. No sign there, but a noise, in the room, above her head.

Raising her eyes she beheld her rat—crouched on the gas meter, tatters of green on gray whiskers, remnant of sprout in wee paws, or claws, whatever a rat has for hands.

She took off her hat, metaphorically speaking, to the superiority of one who could get Brussels sprouts for even less than she had paid the push-cart man, and who had the same taste in delicacies as she.

The next of kin to that rat lived in Newport. He made his home among costumes donned for interpretative dancing—there was more to them than is intimated by that word interpretative, and the rat had a home of shimmering, silken, rainbow colored stuffs—and lived on carrots—and was caught by carrots, a wee young one outside of the trap, a juicy one within. That he could not resist, though every standardized bait had been tried, before, to woo him. Perhaps the color he had learned to like among the gorgeous costumes balanced the unaestheticness of the carrot.

We know not.

What we do know is of a rat who lived in a fashionable hotel, somewhere between the walls, where, none could fathom, but who came out nightly, after banquetings, to dine on raw oysters, and end up with Vichy in tall glasses, which he would reach into to swallow.

My own rat was not so sophisticated. He liked flour. How he came or whither he went I knew not—only that whenever I was away he got into the flour bag, when he wasn't in the top floor apartment, sitting on the piano stool of my aviatrix friend.

As carrots had caught the patron of the dance so flour was the undoing of this lover of music.

We set a pan, filled with the fluffy white stuff, in the center of the room, and left.

Returning next day we found a trail of tiny white foot-prints, to a far corner behind weird pipings.

Here's hoping that, after we nailed up the obscure hole, the rat found another home to his liking for, even though few of the rodent family are to the liking of any woman, unquestionably they are in taste and intelligence superior to many a man who can be caught with any food, while the rats sit back and are tempted only by that which appeals—be it Brussels sprout or flour, the crumbs from the rich man's table, or the carrots from the dancer's hall.

"Indian Insects"

EDITHA L. WATSON

GRASSHOPPERS, worms, water-skaters," dragon-flies, spiders, and many other forms of insect life are to be found on bowls decorated by the Indians who lived along the Mimbres river valley, five hundred or more years ago. Men, animals, birds and fish, have been painted as well as insects, and the whole presents a curious and interesting view of the creatures of southwestern New Mexico as seen through Indian eyes.

Other tribes of the southwest have used life forms in pottery decoration, but none have gone anywhere near to the extent which Mimbres pottery shows. Among the insects are found butterflies, ant-lions (those curious creatures which must be seen in action to be believed), caterpillars, worms, grasshoppers and locusts, corn-beetles, bees, dragon-flies, and many more.

That the Mimbresños were unusually skillful artists, the illustration shows. Here



are seen four of the insects represented on Mimbres bowls,—a grasshopper, a butterfly, a caterpillar, and an ant-lion.

Certainly, the people of the Mimbres valley must have been kind-hearted. No one could represent these little creatures with so much fidelity and humor who did not like them.

Remember to place these important dates upon your calendar for 1932: Be Kind to Animals Week, April 18 to 23, and Humane Sunday, April 17.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JANUARY, 1932

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Again We Win

OUR readers know that our Anti-Steel Trap Bill became a law of the Commonwealth last year. Immediately convictions under the statute led violators of the act to appeal their cases to the State's Supreme Court. The decision of the Court was given December first.

Chief Justice Arthur P. Rugg delivered the opinion as follows: "It must be held, therefore, that the statute in question was intended to be in the interest of public morals. It is directed against acts which may be thought to have a tendency to dull humanitarian feelings and to corrupt the morals of those who observe or have knowledge of those acts. The capture of a wild animal contrary to the provisions of this statute undeniably must cause injury to the part of the body caught in the trap, with attendant pain. It falls within the general category of cruel treatment.

"Even if it be assumed that it is impracticable to capture such predatory animals as foxes within fifty yards of the place where their prey is kept, this does not render the statute void.

"Of course the defendant has a right to protect his property by every reasonable means. But he must yield his views of what is reasonable for that purpose to the judgment of the moral standard of the community as embodied in the statute. The general subject of suppression of cruel treatment of animals being within legislative competency, the details in the main must be regarded as within the discretion of the law-making power.

"This decision is reached with full appreciation of the hardships to farmers and against so cunning an enemy as the fox. Farmers have been made subject to favorable and unfavorable legislation which has been upheld.

"The statute here assailed is general in terms, includes all trappers, and is not restricted to farmers. Simply because it may affect farmers more acutely than other members of society is not sufficient alone, in the circumstances here disclosed, to stamp the statute as invalid in classifications or discriminatory in nature."

We note with pleasure that the Chief Justice calls attention to the measure as at once in the interest of humaneness and of morals.

Dedication of the Springfield Branch

(Continued from page 4)

place of the Honorable William J. Granfield, United States Congressman for the district who, greatly to his regret, had been summoned the night before to Washington. Mr. Hillman said in part:

Frederick J. Hillman Speaks

With inadequate opportunity for preparation I appear here as an eleventh hour substitute for our distinguished Congressman from this District, the Honorable William J. Granfield, who has asked me to express to you his very deep and sincere regrets.

This beautiful and elaborately equipped building is a splendid monument to the late George Thorndike Angell and the men and women who were his associates and are his followers in sympathetic ministrations to dumb animals. It is a worthy addition to the structures which contribute to the attractiveness and character of this delightful city. It has, it seems to me, a far deeper significance. It is a visible symbol of that quality of mercy which is one of the greatest of human attributes.

The efforts and achievements of human beings in their battle with injury and disease, not only among themselves, but among poor, dumb animals, frequently men's most devoted friends, it may be suggested, are evidences of the noblest traits of human character.

A distinguished and very successful chief executive of a great business with whom I have intimate acquaintance, long since adopted the principle of giving preference to those prospective employees who had been compelled to endure a rather outstanding experience with physical or mental suffering.

May we not take increased pride in human character when we witness the sympathetic efforts made by men in public life, by great business executives for the alleviation of suffering of less fortunate human beings in such periods of stress as that in which we now find ourselves.

But may we not ascribe to those noble men and women who devote their time and money to the alleviation of the suffering of dumb animals an even greater beauty of character? May it not be suggested that theirs is a sympathy which extends above and beyond the normal sympathy of man for man? May we not presume to measure progress in the development of human character by the expansion of efforts to alleviate suffering both among human beings and dumb animals.

All honor, then, to those who have labored so earnestly, contributed so generously to humane activities, to humane education, to humane human character, their greatest monument. And let this magnificent building be another tangible monument of which citizens of Springfield shall always be proud, which shall always be a reminder of the nobility of character of those who are responsible for it, of man's responsibility to the lower animals, of the beauty of the quality of mercy.

*"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."*

The last speaker of the afternoon was Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, the widely known naturalist whose writings and whose radio talks have not only given such pleasure to multitudes of people but have been of such unusual educational value. He said:

Address of Thornton W. Burgess

So many times I have stood before the microphone to plead the cause of animals, birds and humbler creatures, to tell pitiful stories of man's inhumanity to these lesser children of Mother Nature, that now it is not only a privilege but the cause of deep abiding joy to have this opportunity to participate in these exercises which dedicate to the cause of mercy for helpless animal life this splendid building and its wonderful equipment.

The S. P. C. A. has long been referred to as the society with the long name. Far better that it should be universally known as the "society of merciful deeds." I believe that few people have any real conception of the amount of animal suffering in the world, 99 per cent of which is caused directly or indirectly by man. Our roadsides are strewn with the bodies of little creatures which have fallen victims to the motor juggernaut. Jimmy Skunk, with the hereditary fearlessness of a race that for ages has been practically immune from attack, has not yet learned that the defense Nature has provided him with is futile against these man-made rushing monsters. Birds have not yet sensed that their swift wings have become out-speeded, and are killed or crippled by thousands as they attempt to cross our highways. Hundreds of thousands more, driven in swift flight by the irresistible urge of the migratory instinct, annually fall dead or terribly injured by contact with the to them invisible network of wires with which man has obstructed the air lanes.

For the past few months more than seven million guns have been carrying sudden death into the very homes of the wild things, but infinitely worse, for there is no suffering in sudden death, have left in copse and thicket and marsh untold thousands of wounded victims to suffer the agony of slow torturing death.

Self-styled "tender hearts" that cannot bear the thought of humanely and painlessly putting out of the way unwanted kittens take them into the country and toss them from their cars to creep back onto the highway and be crushed by speeding cars, or to survive roaming the fields and woodlands, half starved, homeless, preying on such smaller creatures as they may find. Others of these same "tender hearts," returning to city homes from the country or seashore, abandon their summer pets to care for themselves. There are literally millions of these abandoned cats, suffering themselves and carrying appalling destruction to our rapidly vanishing bird life. Even man's friend and companion, the dog, is not immune from abandonment.

This hospital is not only a much needed asset and blessing to the city of Springfield.

(Continued on page 9, column 3)



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers. 14,838
Cases investigated. 654
Animals examined. 4,371
Number of prosecutions. 14
Number of convictions. 14
Horses taken from work. 62
Horses humanely put to sleep. 92
Small animals humanely put to sleep. 1,157

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected. 38,334
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep. 26

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Louise Ann Thompson of Boston.

December 8, 1931

According to Dr. John B. May, state ornithologist of Massachusetts, the lone heath hen has not been seen since last May in spite of much searching, and it has probably joined the passenger pigeon, Eskimo curlew and Labrador duck on the list of game birds which have been exterminated in recent years. Dr. May asks, "What species will go next?"

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.M.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V. M. D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR NOVEMBER

Hospital	Cases	Dispensary	Cases
Cases entered	648	Cases	1,869
Dogs	480	Dogs	1,416
Cats	154	Cats	420
Birds	8	Birds	33
Horses	6		
Operations	575	Medicine only	123
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915			99,296
Dispensary Cases			210,443
Total			309,739

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in November

For authorizing and permitting a horse to be cruelly driven when unfit for labor by reason of lameness, defendant was convicted and fined \$50.

Failing to provide proper food for two cows, fine \$15.

Permitting a horse to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, defendant convicted, case filed.

Cruelly working a horse that was unfit for labor, one month at House of Correction, suspended for one year.

Working a horse whose shoulders were galled by harness, fine \$50; defendant appealed and the fine was sustained in Superior Court.

Permitting the use of a horse unfit for labor, fine \$25.

Cruelly beating a cat, plea of *nolo* and defendant was given a suspended sentence.

Driving a galled horse, fine \$20.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon two horses, defendant convicted and was sentenced to House of Correction for one month; he appealed and upon plea of *nolo* was fined \$10.

Cruelly driving a lame horse, defendant fined \$15; he appealed and was held in \$200 surety.

For cruelly killing ten fowls and three ducks, and mutilating two heifers, a youth was convicted and given an indeterminate sentence to the Reformatory.

Cruelly killing a dog, fine \$20.

Working a horse that was unfit for labor, offender convicted, case filed.

For setting traps in violation of the law a defendant was convicted and the case filed.

Another for the same offense pleaded guilty and he was fined \$70.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Dedication of the Springfield Branch

(Continued from page 8)

field but to the surrounding country as well.

Mr. Mayor, I congratulate the city on this accession to its institutions for the relief of suffering. Dr. Rowley, in behalf of the furred and feathered folk who cannot speak for themselves, I thank your society for this house of mercy from which, under the direction of Mr. Pearson, must emanate a widespread and constantly growing influence for justice towards, and humane treatment of, the dumb creatures dependent on man, and of their wild brothers, so-called.

This dedication comes at a most opportune time. It will do something to alleviate the spirit of sadness which next week, the week following and for a long time after will pervade our beautiful woodlands and sadden the hearts of those who love them because the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts will for two weeks throw them open to the killers, regardless of whether they know anything whatever about the handling of guns or the ethics of true sportsmanship for the annual slaughter and wounding of the most beautiful of all our wild animals, Lightfoot the Deer. Yet the spirit of mercy not only still lives but is growing. This splendid building is proof thereof.

The benediction was pronounced by the Reverend Valentine Smith Alison. Among those who honored us with their presence and congratulations was Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

In the waiting room, in the manager's office, in the doctor's office were seven or eight large and most beautiful baskets of flowers that had been sent in by citizens of Springfield who desired to express their interest in the Society's work.

To WBZ, WBZA and W1XAZ, radio stations of the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, that gave us without any charge forty-five minutes' use of their stations, we are more than grateful. It was a most generous gift for which it is quite difficult to find a proper expression.

The following ladies served as the reception committee: Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis, Chairman, Mrs. George W. Ferguson, Mrs. Aaron C. Bagg, Mrs. Walter C. Powers, Mrs. Frank H. Wesson, Mrs. James Gordon Gilkey, Mrs. William D. Flagg, Mrs. Charles F. Lynch, Mrs. Joseph E. Redden, and Mrs. George S. Sabin.

Trapping Licenses Revoked

The Mass. Division of Fisheries and Game announced that during November the sporting or trapping licenses of 143 persons were revoked after they had been convicted of violations of the fish and game laws. In addition they are debarred from obtaining a new license until the expiration of one year from the date of their conviction.

There is much talk of a great rodeo to be held at the Navy's Sunnyvale Air Base early this year. Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Adams, writes us he has heard nothing of it up to the present.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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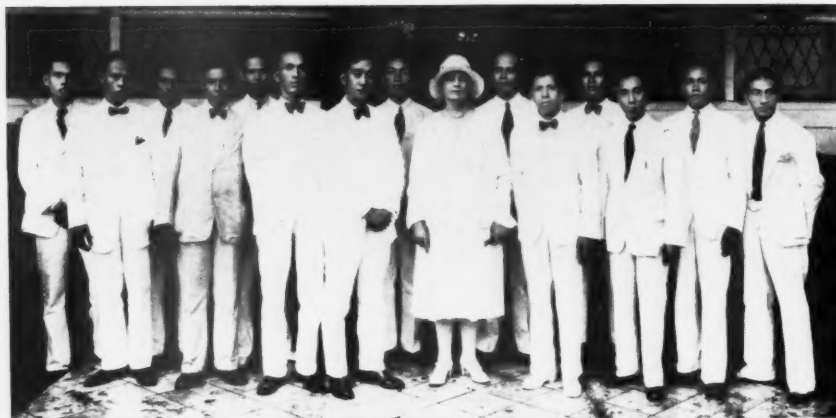
Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Striking at the Source

THE head of Scotland Yard has given as his professional opinion that "our world beating crime record could be greatly reduced if we stopped gun-toting." We are sure the National Anti-Weapon Association on whose Advisory Council are such men as Senator Capper, Judge Sellars of Washington, and Sanford Bates, director of United States Bureau of Prisons, is right when it says, "The ease with which pistols and other deadly weapons may be secured by minors and by irresponsible persons is, in the opinion of expert criminologists, the reason for the Nation's mounting crime record." Who oppose all legislation that would stop the present easy methods of getting pistols and other deadly fire-arms? Naturally all manufacturers of such weapons and those business houses that sell them. If you will join this National Anti-Weapon Association, send your dollar to its address, Investment Building, Washington, D. C.

There will be hungry birds to feed this winter as well as hungry men and women. A very little spent for grain will keep the birds about your home.



MME. MARIE VON PIONTKOWSKI, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE S. P. C. A. AND HER VETERINARIAN AND AGENTS

These are the boys who patrol the city of Manila day and night, looking for cruelty to animals, watching the ships when cattle are brought in to see that the unloading is done properly, and that they are transported in the right manner, also the markets where animals are often mistreated.

We have long been in correspondence with Mme. Piontkowski and have co-operated with the Philippine Society in supplying literature and in other ways, and are glad to publish this picture.

October at Fez

THE Secretary General, Mr. Filleul, who has been trying to have humane education introduced into the schools of Fez, writes of his last visit to the superintendent of the French schools, "He received me most cordially and said they have as a part of the curriculum, kindness to animals taught in all the schools. On questioning him more closely, and trying with him to find it in the books of their program of work, we could find nothing, so I think the humane teaching amounts to very little.

"What we have definitely agreed to is this. There are some five thousand school children at Fez. Jolivet, the superintendent, suggests that they visit the Fondouk in groups of fifty, with a teacher. I first of all make the rounds of the Fondouk, telling them about the work and showing them everything. The teacher will then give them a little talk on more general principles about why one must be kind to animals, etc. Then, when they get back to school, they write an account of what they have seen at the Fondouk. We could give a prize to the best essay in each class, or whatever we cared to arrange."

This is most encouraging and is quite as good for a beginning as we could ask. It is wholly impossible at present at least to get into the Arab schools.

The report of the Fondouk for October follows. Note the amount accomplished at the relatively small expense; less than at the old Fondouk and caring for many more animals.

October, 31 days

Daily average, large animals	75	
Forage for same		\$87.20
Daily average, dogs	17	
Forage for same		9.22
Put to sleep, dogs	1	
Wages		73.60
Salaries		189.64
Motor overhead		9.94

Put to sleep, large animals	24	3.42
Sundries		40.60

Total \$413.62

Entries, 79; exits, 56.

Military Waste

The War Department in our schools and colleges, according to Congressman Ross A. Collins, makes interesting reading. Mr. Collins is one of the military appropriations committee and should know what he is talking about. Read this:

"The War Department subsidizes military training in 313 schools and colleges, (132 colleges, 181 secondary schools) enrolling 147,009 cadets, (57,650 cadets in secondary schools, 75,810 college undergraduates, and 13,549 college upperclassmen training for commissions as reserve officers) at an unknown cost."

A government training its school boys for war makes its plea for peace and disarmament ring rather hollow.

Again the Steel Trap

From M. E. Turell, Otsego County, New York, comes this comment:—Abolish the steel trap! Why should the fiendish tortures of the thirteenth century be tolerated in a country that proclaims itself civilized? Not long ago, an official of a park in a western New York city reported finding a beautiful specimen of barred owl starved to death. It had no feet. It had evidently been caught in a trap, had, in its efforts to escape, twisted its feet off, and, lacking talons, had been unable to procure food. What makes such a case a peculiarly flagrant stupidity is the fact that the barred owl is, by its war on harmful rodents, insects, etc., of great benefit to farmers and fruit growers.

Money may buy a dog, but it's love that wags his tail. —Midland Schools

Movie Fights of Animals

L. E. EUBANKS

If the truth were generally known as to how animals are forced to fight each other in some of the picturized stories, such scenes would be far less popular; might even be prohibited by law.

Commercially interested persons may tell us that camera trickery explains many things that seem cruel, that things are made to look realistic but that no force or cruelty is actually employed.

However, facts always leak out, and I have it from an eye-witness that animals have been mercilessly slaughtered for the movie fans' entertainment.

When a running horse falls over a cliff and seems to have been killed, is he acting; is the distance of his fall magnified, etc.?

Sometimes. But since running horses have been tripped by wires and hurled to actual death, in order to give the picture "punch," the best course for animal defenders is to condemn all such scenes.

Lions have been stirred to violent action by charging a wire-meshed floor with electricity; dogs driven almost mad with rubber bands about their muzzles, and roosters choked with chewing-gum to make them crow.

In most of the pictures that show animals fighting, beasts are used that have never known anything but captivity. They are not fighters, and the picture-makers have to create the necessary ferocity—which they do in numerous cruel and contemptible ways.

Then the beasts are unjustly censured by the uninformed audience. A lion pounces upon a deer and kills it—superinduced savagery! In most cases it has taken a long time to prod the lion into that seemingly ruthless action. Or perhaps he has been starved into desperation. In either case, it is the man behind the production whom we should condemn; the ferocity is his—ferocity and cupidity.

Animal pictures are popular, and should be. But why do so many have to depict fighting? Even in the wild state, animals

do not fight all the time; some of them never, unless to save their lives.

The screen exercises a tremendous influence on human life; and we have a right to demand that its effect be constructive. There has recently developed a wide-spread sentiment against gangster pictures wherein criminality is glorified; and it is not at all impracticable for lovers of truth as applied to animals to take an effective stand against those films which show wild life in a false, unjust light.

Natural history is highly interesting; and for the sake of accuracy, as well as for humane reasons, pictures purporting to teach the facts of animal life should be truthful.

"Cheyenne"—My Friend

LOUISE MILLINGER

ONCE knew a horse which might have been the inspiration for that old saying "horse-sense." Because he was considered an outlaw, he was shipped back and forth between a ranch in Fall River, New Mexico, and another near Pueblo, Colorado. When he had been in one place for a few months, he would become simply an outlaw, undependable and unruly. He was said to be a nasty one to buck, and a hard one to ride. A treacherous horse, they called him, but a good cow horse for all that.

I happened to be all alone at the ranch house one day, and I wanted to ride. In a small pasture near the house were several horses. My own pony was nowhere in sight, but I decided that if it were possible for me to catch one of these others, he would, of course, be gentle enough to ride. So with a bucket of corn and a hackamore, I started out. Without any trouble at all I walked up to a beautiful bay, fed him some corn, and led him to the barn.

He seemed to be very fond of the sugar I fed him, and to enjoy being petted and talked to. It was not hard to saddle him, but with the bridle I experienced considerable difficulty. I could scarcely reach the big Bay's head, but he seemed to sense my trouble and held his head down for me.

Once, I thought I had the bridle on, but the horse knew better, and shook his head, and refused to let me fasten the straps.

At length, however, everything was in readiness. I had to stand on a box to mount, and thanking my lucky stars that I had found a gentle horse, we started off.

About an hour later, I rode up to my husband. He stood watching my approach with a white face, and listened incredulously to my tale of catching and saddling my mount. I was riding "Cheyenne," the outlaw from New Mexico.

This was the beginning of a beautiful friendship between Cheyenne and me. I rode him every day after that. No one else could catch him except by roping him in the corral.

I loved Cheyenne, and I trusted him absolutely. I had many proofs of the fact that he returned my affection. It is a beautiful thing to love a fine horse and to know that he loves you in return. I learned to ride as I never did before, and even to "cut" from a herd of cattle.

Only once did Cheyenne ever forget. It was a blustering, windy day. I was helping to work a herd, or rather Cheyenne was, and I was riding him. An unusually big flurry of wind tore a large handkerchief from my neck and blew it directly in front of the horse's head. He was frightened and started to bolt. One of the reins dropped from my hand. I was not an experienced rider but I knew my horse and I was not afraid. Had it been any other horse, I know I should have fallen off. But I reached down for the fallen rein, and talked to Cheyenne. As soon as he heard my voice, he slowed down, and trotted back to the herd as calmly as could be.

A short time later, we moved to Texas. The owner of Cheyenne, gave him to me and promised to have him shipped with some other horses they were sending down. By some mistake he was sent back to Fall River. Before we could make arrangements to have him sent to us, we learned that he had been killed by lightning.

I mourned Cheyenne's loss greatly, and no other horse has ever been able to take his place with me. I feel that I was greatly privileged in knowing and loving Cheyenne, my friend.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, Chairman of Chase Harris Forbes Corporation, Charles G. Bancroft, Vice-President of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, President of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.



HARVESTING GRAIN ON AN ONTARIO FARM

This Friend of Mine

WILLA HOEY

*I am his God. He worships me, I know,
For quick he is to follow where I go;
Nor questions he the wisdom of the way.
The meed he asks is by my side to stay.
When'er I gaze into his faithful eyes,
Reproach within my heart is prone to rise
That I should lack a dog's perception fine.
He teaches me to trust—this friend of mine.*

Dog's Rights in Streets

HUGH KING HARRIS

IN justice court at Grand Rapids, Mich., Judge Harry Cresswell, recently held that mankind's best friend, the dog, has the same right in the eyes of the law to consideration from motorists as would a child. His instructions to the jury were so stated.

Both dog and child are irresponsible, the court ruled, and a motorist who negligently runs down a four-footed beast is liable to the animal's owner for damages under the same principle which would make him guilty of negligent homicide were he to strike and kill a child.

Thus specifically instructed the jury returned a verdict of \$90 and costs against Herman Straub, of that city, who, last summer, ran down a valuable American foxhound, owned by John C. Hankiewicz, while the animal was crossing a main thoroughfare. Defense that the animal was struck by accident was offset by testimony of a motorcycle officer who witnessed the incident. Officer Brown stating Straub purposely ran the animal down, permitting his car to cross to the left of the center line of the street, although there was no other traffic to cause him to turn out. Three other witnesses testified as to the dog's value as a hunting animal. The dog had been trained to draw a small cart, and also to carry the owner's two small children on its back.

The ruling of Judge Cresswell and the verdict of the jury have won city-wide commendation. Judge Cresswell is himself a champion of dumb beasts, and heartily in sympathy with humanitarian projects. The precedent will establish a favorable record for the conduct and ruling over the state, undoubtedly.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

SIX FOR THEM, David Morton.

This tiny anthology of only six short poems, but each of them a rare gem, has been gathered by Professor Morton of Amherst College and put into attractive book form by the Poetry Society of that institution. Two of the selections, "The Bells of Heaven" and "Stupidity Street" by Ralph Hodgson, have been widely published in the humane journals and elsewhere, but "The Snare" and "Little Things" by James Stephens, and "To a Squirrel at Kyle-Na-Gow," by William Butler Yates, are less familiar but equally deserving. Professor Morton himself contributes "The Night Before," a most moving protest against the cruelties of the hunter. Printed on special paper, and bound in plain boards, the little volume makes an ideal gift for the animal lover who also values good book making.

17 pp. 75 cents. Poetry Society of Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.

Interpreting Dog Language

CHARLES S. HARRINGTON

DOGS can talk, but most people have no conception of their language and never give it a thought. Watch your dog closely and see for yourself what an amazing knowledge he has of your language, and then begin and patiently study his. Learn what the expressions in his eyes mean, what the wag of his tail signifies, what he tries to convey to you in signs and by his barks of different tones. Sick or well, your dog is trying in many ways



MR. HARRINGTON AND HIS MONGREL SPANIEL

to convey his thoughts to you, and it must seem to an intelligent dog that we are very stupid because we do not understand his efforts. I have a mongrel spaniel—the one in the picture—I don't care what his ancestors were, I can sit down and talk with this dog far more understandingly than I can with some people who make pretentious claims to intelligence.

A few years ago I came into possession of a spaniel, a thoroughbred—he was an outcast, having deserted his home because his people abused him, the woman frequently throwing hot water over him. But it didn't break his spirit, this unwarranted persecution, it only "soured" him on all humanity and to such an extent that it took me nearly three months to win his confidence, but from that time until he died, this dog repaid my patience more than a thousand times by what he taught me.

I can't really see the necessity of whipping dogs; they are so susceptible to a feeling of contrition. Talk to them, show by the tones of your voice that you disapprove of their conduct and I assure you they will feel worse and remember longer, and without the feeling of resentment that punishment with a whip brings. Of course, all dogs are not alike. Maybe in some cases it is necessary to resort to the whip, but in forty odd years that I have been associated with dogs, I have never found it worked as well.

I have never bought a dog. I have acquired all mine from the class that had no home, no people, outcasts and strays all of them, and not one of the lot but that has repaid me over and over again for the good home I have tried to give him. I take a great satisfaction in thinking I have made some dogs' lives a bit happier. What is more pitiful than to see a person call a dog and have him come slinking and terrified, his crouching reluctance showing in every movement? What a commentary on his master! Why not have him come to you joyously with every manifestation of his pleasure in obeying your call? It is not a difficult thing to accomplish. Just be kind and reasonable with him, control your temper and he will meet you more than half way. We expect much from our dog. Do we live up to what he really expects from us?

I Love the Dog

ARTHUR BRATT

I love the dog because he is the speechless symbol of appreciation, affection and faith; because he sacrifices his life voluntarily and otherwise for man, his master. I love the dog because he is one of the meek, because he inherits the earth, for he is found fulfilling his purpose in life throughout the wide expanse of this planet, content with his abode whether it be hovel or mansion. I love the dog because he does not return malice for love, hate for kindness, or temper for reason. I love the dog for his understanding of humanity and for his clever ability to determine the desires and dislikes of those to whom he is subject. I love the dog because he suffereth long and is kind, envieth not and is not puffed up, rejoiceth not in iniquity, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, hopeth all things, endureth all things, yea and hath established a true charity worthy of human emulation. I loved the dog in the days long before I was able to express it in words and will continue so to do while love and I shall endure.

Unemployment and Dogs

New Orleans, La., Nov. 20, 1931

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*:

Kindly allow the undersigned space to protest with all sincerity at the action of the St. Joseph County board of supervisors of Sturgis, Mich., having voted not to provide unemployment relief for "anyone who feeds dogs." To receive aid the dog owner must relinquish his pet. Now that rule is manifestly unfair and indefensible. If it became necessary nearly every dog owner would willingly share his food with his dog. So why the unreasonable, narrow-minded attempt to make dogs suffer for a man-made condition? Dogs all earn their keep by their companionship. They are a comfort and a consolation in times of misfortune.

More than ever the world needs kindness and consideration—feeling—for the weak and helpless, be they human beings or animals. Everyone knows that there is an over-production of nearly all food stuffs and so that ruling in Sturgis, Mich., is very wrong.

JOHN T. MENDES

My Friend, the Cat

CARRIE W. STRYKER

*Outstretched at ease his furry form
Lies dormant, dead to every sound.
Beside my hearth and easy chair,
With keen alertness slumber-bound,
A friend lies there.*

*No conscious movement stirs his soul.
In confidence supreme he'll rest
While near the master he adores.
The cares that waking hours infest
He now ignores.*

*What message speaks through tip of tail
Which moves as twitching whiskers give
Some primal warning, obsolete
To sheltered creatures now who live
In royal suite?*

*For king he is beside my hearth.
In velvet clad, with royal mien
He deigns to occupy my chair,
My bed, my lap, and then to preen
His shining hair.*

*What other being truly shows
More art in living than does he?
Whose ancestry, entombed with kings,
Bequeathed this poised philosophy
That Felis brings?*

Cat in Stained Glass

Dick Whittington's cat may have lived only in story; but it accompanies Dick into the stained glass of a memorial window recently placed by Lord Wakefield in the Guildhall in the city of London.

Serially pictured is the career of the poor boy to whose ear came the magic messages of Bow bells and who was to become rich and powerful and lord mayor of London. In the colored glass he is to be seen welcoming to the Guildhall King Henry V. and his queen. And withal there is the cat.

Maybe the stories they tell about Dick Whittington, some of them at least, are not true. But, true or not, they are good. And throngs of people into whose memories of childhood they have been woven will rejoice that, in the new dignifying of the man, the cat has not been forgotten.

—Syracuse Post Standard

A Prolific Mother

"Calico Kate," whose home is with a grocer, Leo Kline, at 1823 East 101st Street, Cleveland, Ohio, recently gave birth to her 102nd kitten. Kate is very popular in the neighborhood and many of her offspring are owned by various customers of Mr. Kline. To celebrate the advent of the 100th kitten (eight came together this time) the grocer gave a party in Kate's honor, to which all her friends were invited.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Register your disapproval of performing animals by joining the Jack London Club.

Are Cats Closest to Humans?

CHARLES PLATT



THE cat is the oldest friend of civilized man, for though some savage races ignore her it is authentically known that so long as 3,500 years ago a temple was dedicated to the cat, while other mention is made of her a thousand years before that. Here we have the first pet of civilization. Surely if animal mentality can be affected by human contact, the cat has stood the most chance. The dog is generally described as the friend of man, but he is in reality a tribal animal while the cat is peculiarly an individualist. It is the instinct of the dog to hunt in packs, while a cat always prefers a lonely way which makes her more fitted for the individual friendship of human family life.

Cats are certainly the mystics of the animal world and do not readily reveal themselves to men. While the dog will attach himself to any one, the cat only attaches herself for some personal reason. Therefore people say that cats love places rather than people, the truth being that while the cat is practical enough to stay where comfort is to be found, she will not condescend to pretend an affection not honestly gained. Anatomists and physiologists admit that the cat's brain betrays an extraordinary affinity to that of man. Indeed it seems much the same in substance and conformation, differing only in size and weight. In addition to this the vocal organs show a marked similarity, which makes one wonder if the cat's purr is not the animal reproduction of the human's contented humming.

The cat's senses are very highly developed, especially those of hearing, but its sense of smell is inferior to that of the dog. As man emerges from the primitive his smell is the first sense which decreases as the reasoning faculty grows. Dogs, with their keen smell, seem one stage further from reasoning man than the alert cat. Cats also have developed a homing sense almost equal to that of a pigeon. One traveled two hundred miles from Huddersfield to London in four days and reached her

home in safety. What human being would care to undertake even one journey of fifty miles unaided by map or sign post?

More wonderful is the true story of another cat which, after living with a family for twenty years, was found missing. As it was twenty-four years old they concluded it had died, but six years later an aged and decrepit cat came to their door. At once he sought out his old resting place and fell asleep, and by his peculiar markings the family realized that here was the long lost pet. He resumed his usual life as though he had never been absent a day. Such powers of memory and faithfulness are sufficient proof of the power of thought.

We all know the cat to be a most sympathetic animal, and in times of stress she can show genuine feeling for the sufferer, though strangely enough she seems to diagnose mental trouble sooner than physical. People of a nervous temperament often find relief in stroking a cat and this may in part be accounted for physically, since there is a slight magnetic reaction due to a cat's surplus of electricity. But a friendly cat actually, and I believe deliberately, conveys a sense of companionship through physical means.

Mother love is in part purely physical, but it also gives proof of mental processes, and mother love is a strongly marked characteristic of the cat. When a certain music hall was burned down some years ago a cat and her kittens lay in a basket behind the stage. No one could attempt to save them and three times did that faithful mother return through the flames to bring out yet one more kitten to safety. Her sufferings must have been intense, for on her final journey she was blinded and nearly burned to death. It takes more than unreasoning instinct to show such deliberate devotion as that.

It is often said that cats can see in the dark, and though this is not the case, they can certainly see in the dusk. Their eyes are adapted to half lights which our own cannot penetrate. I have often wondered if, though they cannot see in the dark, they may not possess some form of second sight, for often their knowledge of coming events seems uncanny. A cat, left for a time in charge of a veterinary surgeon, always knew some minutes before his master called at the strange house in which he was staying. Long before the house door-bell rang he would betray his excitement, and by no means could his new guardians account for this knowledge.

That cats are capable of reasoning has been proved again and again, and instances could be multiplied as a practical evidence of this. For example there was one cat which would always jump up and hang on the latch of a door to open it. Again, a cat with a weakness for a particularly soft cushioned chair would, should she find it occupied, go to the door and mew till the intruder arose to let her out. Then doubling back quickly the cat would leap into the vacant chair and possess it in triumph. Surely no one could deny an animal intelligence which can thus reason and act in its own interests.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seven hundred and nineteen new Bands of Mercy were reported during November. Of these, 194 were in Maine, 122 in Illinois, 98 in Massachusetts, 85 in Texas, 72 in Rhode Island, 62 in Pennsylvania, 39 in Georgia, 26 in Virginia, ten in Tennessee, five in Delaware, two each in Connecticut and West Virginia, and one each in New York and Virginia.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 184,137

Abraham Lincoln Club

The Teacher of the Beals (Maine) intermediate school organized a Band of Mercy called the Abraham Lincoln Club, with a membership of 24, the entire enrollment.

She writes:

"We keep a chart hanging on the wall on which are written names of the members. Each member receives a star opposite his name for each week that he keeps the pledge.

"We hold our meeting each Monday morning. At that meeting we plan to tell at least one story relating to the kindness of someone toward animals.

"Recently I read to the children the account of the mongrel puppy who refused to be drowned, and was later cared for by the Humane Society. That account was found in the *Boston Post*."

Talks to Boys and Girls

In November Mr. Talbot reached 2,130 boys and girls in his illustrated talks for the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. The schools reached were Orange High, Reading Junior High, Winthrop Junior High; North Junior High, Quincy; Robert Gould Shaw, West Roxbury; and Rivers, Brookline. He also addressed 100 Boy Scouts in the Belmont Street Baptist Church, Mt. Auburn.

Appreciation

A correspondent writes: "While matron of girls in the Tulsa (Oklahoma) Children's Home, I subscribed for *Our Dumb Animals*. We enjoyed it so much and formed around it our Band of Mercy organization. I feel it was my greatest interest and greatest work there."

The Scottish S. P. C. A. announces that the subject chosen for the school essay competition for 1932, is:

"Imagine yourself a dog chained up all day long. Describe your feelings, mentioning some suggestions you would offer to your master." In 1931, 350 schools competed, over 18,500 essays were written, and 470 prizes were presented.

Where Cows Have the Right of Way

M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

WE have lately returned from a motor trip through New York State and northern New England and some of the noticeable features of the roadside were the frequent signs telling us that cows might cross the road and we must look out for them. Most of these signs were in New York State. They were very common all through the dairy farm country from the Catskills south to Watkin's Glen.

COW PASS

500 FEET

CATTLE CROSSING

AHEAD

All signs in New York State were painted yellow with black letters. They were attractive and easily read. If one could read, one could not get lost in this state. Each town was given on a sign by itself, and just above it in smaller letters was the name of the next one along the route. If one could read, cows and cattle were absolutely safe, for the moment the signs were read we began to look for four-legged animals roaming around the roads. They were never roaming, however, but night and morning it was necessary to slow up the car in case they were crossing.

It was an interesting section of the state. There were many attractive brooks and creeks flowing through the fields and pastures and across the roads. How the cows seemed to enjoy them! As we went further south we saw tobacco fields and tobacco barns. It was easy to know that we were in New York's great milk region, for besides seeing many cows on the hillsides and in the fields along the way, great milk cans stood in nearly every farm-yard waiting to be carried off.

Cows certainly had the right of way in this part of New York! When I took this picture there were five automobiles behind our car all waiting for the animals to cross. And of course they crossed leisurely,



Portrait of a Dog

WASHBURN DAVENPORT

*Leaping, dancing, frisking, turning,
Lithe and happy, thing of grace;
Whirling, darting, eager, playful,
Laughter in her doggie face;
Eyes all sparkle, ears attentive,
Nose uplifted to her prize;
White tail waving, paws extended,
"Mitzi" chases butterflies.*

All pupils in Massachusetts schools will be interested in the annual prize poster contest announced on the last page this month.

for that is the way cows travel! There were only fifteen cows in this herd, so we did not have to wait long, but another day we stopped to let a herd of fifty go by and it was an interesting experience. Each cow had her own personality just as much as the men who were caring for them and the people who were waiting for them to cross!

We saw a few signs of this nature in New Hampshire, but what took our attention more was a farmer who had tied his cows together and was leading them by the side of the automobile road until he came to the place he wished to cross. Then cars had to stop. Cows had the right of way.

I remember one year in Maine when cows did not have the right of way and when the automobile expected to have it. The cows in this instance took it! We were driving at night when two cows appeared out of the darkness right in front of the car. They kept there at intervals, for over an hour. We could not get rid of them. They bobbed up serenely out of the darkness just when we thought we could start off at an even, though slow pace. So whether cows are given the right of way, or whether they take it, it is theirs anyway. And in the dairy country, at least, they have the opportunity to lord it over the automobile!



TAKING THEIR TIME WHILE SIX AUTOMOBILES WAIT FOR THEM TO CROSS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Dog Leads a Horse's Life

FRANCES M. FOX

EVERY little helps" seems to be the motto of the Japanese hauling a load. If the farmer be fortunate enough to own a horse, he walks by the side of his wagon in order to carry a load that is much heavier, and sometimes he lends a hand pushing a little himself. If the man is his own horse he may have one or two dogs to assist him in transporting rice, wood, or peaches; but he does not give the job to the canine team alone.

The custom is not general in Japan but is in practice in certain towns, noticeably in Toyama and Nagoya.

The two dogs pull in front, but more often they walk right under the axle or pull at the side of the vehicle. They are hitched to all kinds of carts, and sometimes to baby carriages that do dray duty, even to bicycles fitted with light trailers.

The help of the Japanese dogs must be mostly psychological because they do not strain at their ropes nor are they subject to the overloading and the beating which make the horse "lead a dog's life" in that country.

"Saints and Friendly Beasts"

A true story

LOUELLA C. POOLE

IN a charming woodsy spot in a suburb of Boston, some years ago, lived "Saint Amelia," a sweet and gentle lady whose great humanity had earned for her this title among her friends. Sharing her home were the Heavenly Twins, "Diavolo," an impish squirrel, and "Angelica," a tabby cat of great intelligence, the two being chums and playfellows.

One night, as Saint Amelia was sleeping the sleep of the tired-out just, she was awakened with a start by the unusual behavior of Angelica, who mewed as though in distress, and pulled distractedly at the bedclothes.

"Why, Angelica, what's the matter?" inquired pussy's mistress, fearing something wrong.

Hardly had she uttered the words than she heard the screen in her chamber window drop with a crash, followed by the sound of departing footsteps in the garden.

Imagine Saint Amelia's emotions, the next morning, on discovering the clearly defined print of a man's shoes in the loam of the garden-bed beneath her window, and learning that burglars had been busy in the neighborhood during the night.

Angelica had certainly proved herself in time of need a "friendly beast" to the gentle "saint" whose home she shared.

Motto for a Dog House

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

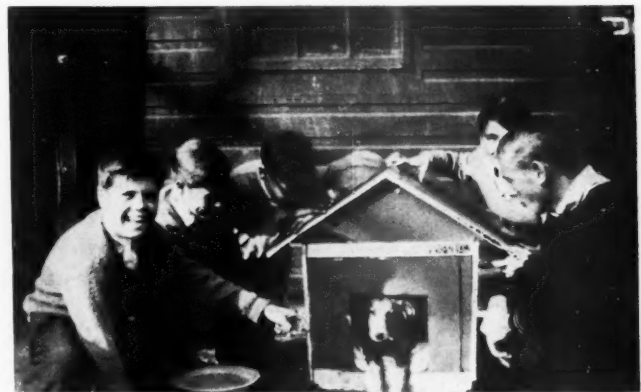
*I love this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.*

From "Poems of Arthur Guiterman," Little, Brown & Company

Need of Cold Water on Cold Days

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

DO you ever get really thirsty in winter? Of course you do. And at such times a generous draught of cold water is just as essential as on a July day. Did you ever think that the cat and dog may have equally insistent calls for a drink? Dairymen have proved conclusively that their cows give more milk when a trough of good water is accessible to them at all hours. Poultrymen find that hens lay more eggs when the drinking fountain is kept filled. We do not fancy having our drinking water doled out at certain hours. We want it when we want it, and we want what we want of it! So do the cows and chickens. So, equally, do the cat and dog. In severe freezing weather it may not be practicable to keep the birds' fountain filled at all times. But there is nothing to hinder having a basin of water available at all times for the cat and dog. You will be surprised at how liberally it will be patronized. It sometimes seems as if the pets, like ourselves, really drink more in cold weather than in midsummer.



"Garry" in His New Kennel

Ex-Governor Percival P. Baxter presented a dog, "Garry," to the boys of the State Military and Naval Children's Home, Bath, Maine. They appreciated the gift so much that they built this kennel, sending the Governor the photograph and writing, "Garry likes it and crawled right in the first time we showed it to him." The boys added that they will be glad when Garry is old enough to go out into the woods with them.

New Medals Offered in Annual School Poster Contest

AGAIN we announce the annual prize poster contest, open to all schools, public and private, in Massachusetts, in connection with the annual Be Kind to Animals Week (April 18-23, 1932). First and second prizes will be offered by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., an entirely new medal having been especially designed for the 1932 awards. It is octagonal in shape, having a winged figure bearing a torch in one hand and a shield in the other on the obverse, and on the reverse reading in raised letters: "Presented by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for Encouraging Kindness to Animals." In addition, honorable mentions will be given, each carrying a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. Last year 5,588 posters from 437 different schools were submitted in the contest, and 835 first prizes, 859 second prizes, and 1,213 honorable mentions were awarded.

Full particulars of the 1932 contest are

given in a special circular which will be mailed free to all requesting it, and every teacher or pupil interested is earnestly urged to send for a copy. Briefly, the conditions are as follows:—

1. The contest is open to schools of grammar or high grade in Massachusetts only, closes positively March 28, 1932, results to be announced during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 18-23. During that week the best of the posters will be on exhibition in the Boston Public Library, Copley Square.

2. No more than five posters may be submitted from any one room, teachers to make the selection from all that are made under their direction.

3. Kindness to animals should be the theme, preferably with a brief motto. The more original the design, the better.

4. Pencil or crayon, pen and ink, cut-out paper (original, not magazine covers, etc.), silhouette, water-colors or charcoal

may be used. Color adds greatly to the effectiveness.

5. DRAWINGS, ON CARDBOARD OR HEAVY PAPER, MAY BE NOT LESS THAN 12 x 18 INCHES, NOR MORE THAN 18 x 24 INCHES, and should be SHIPPED FLAT (never rolled), all charges prepaid, to reach the MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., not later than March 28, 1932, preferably earlier.

6. In the upper right-hand corner, on the back of each poster, must be written the contestant's name, WITH FULL HOME ADDRESS, also name and address of the school, number of the grade, and name of the teacher.

7. All posters receiving a medal or honorable mention become the property of the Society.

8. Address all posters plainly, Secretary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Animals in the Bible

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

WE are told that two of each known species of animal were taken aboard Noah's Ark at the time of the deluge. Of all the animals of the earth, however, but few are described by name in the Bible.

There are at least 217 different references to animals in the Scriptures. Only 19 species are mentioned, despite that weird collection that must have been gathered aboard the Ark. Thirty-one such references are general, in the sense that they are simply called beasts. The rest refer directly to certain species.

The lion, in all ages the king of beasts, is mentioned 29 times. Calves are referred to 25 times, sheep 24 times, horses 18 times, dogs 13 times and oxen 11 times. Thus, aside from the lion, man's domestic animals preponderate in the Bible.

Wolves and bulls are named nine times each; foxes seven times, heifers, leopards, camels and hinds six times each; cattle, goats and asses four times each; kids three times; and cows and sows once each.

Among reptiles, in the lower class of the animal kingdom, serpents are mentioned as such 12 times; while specifically adders are named six times and asps five times. The lowly worm is remembered ten times.

In the insect class spiders are mentioned three times, ants twice, and the gnat once.

The Gila Monster

RUTH RIVKIN

IN the reptilian age the iguanodon was about thirty feet long. However, he is no longer the monster he used to be, having shrunk from thirty feet to one foot, and today is known as the Gila monster. He has the five-fingered claw which resembles, very much, the human hand; a diamond shaped head, which is characteristic of poisonous reptiles.

The Gila monster is not always fatal to humans but is sure death to small animals and is not too kindly to the birds. The birds of the desert seek the most secluded places to hide their eggs, for there is nothing that Gila relishes more than bird eggs. They place them in the barrel cactus which is covered with a million needles. This, however, does not frustrate Gila. Short-sighted though he is, he measures distance and feels his way with his tongue. He walks over the needles as though he were walking on a Brussels carpet and finds his way to the bird's nest.

The Gila monster stores his food in his tail and hibernates during the winter, drawing upon the stored supply. When he fights an animal he turns upside down to bite, poison running down his teeth. This animal is very prettily colored in a design similar to many Navajo Indian blankets. In fact, it is said that from the Gila monster the Indians took their pattern.

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180 Longwood Avenue
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